

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. IV.]

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A SHORT ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[The following concise novel, will be found worthy perusal. It is the production of a person who occasionally writes for the NEW-ENGLAND REPUBLICAN; and, we doubt not, will prove interesting. It will be given in three numbers of our work.]

IN the early part of my life, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. Drey, a young gentleman whose family resided in the eastern part of Massachusetts.—Friendships formed in early life, though usually ardent, and perhaps sincere do not always prove so lasting as their first warmth would lead us to expect. Different pursuits lead the parties different ways: their hearts become less susceptible, as their years increase, and chilled by the selfish feelings of Interest, or swelled by Ambition, offer no place for the mild and delicate warmth of Friendship. To Mr. Drey and myself, however, these remarks by no means apply. Although engaged in the most active commercial pursuits, while my life presented little more than a scene of peaceable idleness, he welcomed my annual visits at his house with all the ardent sincerity of youth. When I felt the eager grasp of his hand, I forgot that I was growing grey: while "the joys of other times" rose to my memory in colors almost too vivid to permit the reflection that they were never to return.

Mr. Drey married when young. His

lady was an accomplished woman; and her disposition amiable beyond most females within the circle of my acquaintance. Shew *knew* the fashionable world, but *valued* it little: her unequalled powers of pleasing were directed, with the tenderest assiduity, to one object—that of encreasing the happiness of her husband. To soften his cares, and add new relish to his pleasures, seemed less her duty than her delight; and in that mutual intercourse of kind offices, arising from a reciprocal desire to please, this worthy couple enjoyed a degree of happiness which it seemed almost a virtue to envy.

They had two children; one of whom died in early infancy; and on the other, a promising boy, rested all that parental fondness which should have been divided among a more numerous family. His father designed him for mercantile employment; and accordingly gave him an early education at one of the northern colleges, and placed him, at the age of seventeen, at an eminent counting house in Philadelphia under the care of a gentleman who had formerly been his partner in business.

Such was the family of Mr. Drey three years since. My friend now rests in his kindred earth: his amiable wife tenants the clay by his side: while their son—their only darling child, "the child of many prayers," in whom centered all the fond hopes and expectations which the parental bosom alone can feel—this son is

a wanderer in foreign climes, friendless and destitute, and tortured by the gnawings of that worm which never dies!

This short characteristic sketch is due to the memory of my friends—My readers will pardon it; and listen now to my narrative.

In the autumn of 1802, I received intelligence that Mr. Drey was dangerously ill. Wishing to see him, with as little delay as possible, I took a seat in the stage, as offering the most certain method of travelling with despatch. The first day of my journey, I travelled quite alone. The stage reached New-Haven about midnight; and after a few hours repose, I was summoned again to the carriage to prosecute my journey toward Boston. It was yet dark; and as I entered the coach, I was surprised to see a lady, unattended occupying the back seat. By the light of the waiter's lantern, I perceived that she was young and beautiful, but deeply dejected, and apparently in ill health. She carried in her arms an infant, which appeared but a few weeks old. The driver, mounted his box—his customary enquiry, "All in?" was answered by a hoarse "Yes!" from the door, and my surprise received little abatement, when I found myself on the road, with no other travelling companion than a woman, who appeared, at best, friendless, unprotected, and unknown.

The morning was cold and rainy.—Drowsy through fatigue and want of rest

I drew my comfortable wollen cloak about my shoulders, and pulling my hat over my eyes, placed myself on the opposite end of the seat occupied by my fellow traveller. Here I fell into a sort of half slumber; from which, however, I was soon roused by a complaining cry from the infant which the lady held in her arms. "Hush, poor little outcast!" cried she, in a voice of mournful tenderness; hush, my poor babe! you have no claim to attention—the world has no pity for you!—Oh! it is a cruel world!" She clasped the suffering little one to her bosom, and sobbed over it in anguish.

Here was an appeal to my feelings, too powerful for me to disregard. "Young woman!" cried I, starting up, and seating myself close by her side, "you need protection—trust an old man—I can have no interest in deceiving you." Surprised and affected at this, she shrunk from me, and attempted in vain to return an answer. Her emotions choked her utterance; and dropping her head despondingly on her bosom, she wept in all the bitterness of unfeigned sorrow; at length, in a weak and tremulous voice, she said, "I hope I do not disturb you—I have long been a stranger to the voice of kindness—my heart was full—and complaint, even to my unconscious babe, seemed a sort of relief."

"Tell me—how far have you travelled in this unprotected situation?"

"From Philadelphia, Sir."

"Painful! and you go farther still?"

"To Boston."

"You have friends, at your journey's end, to receive you?"

"None, Sir—I can hope for no friendship but that of Heaven; and the world will tell you I have forfeited even that—For myself, I would suffer in silence—I deserve to suffer: but my child!—my poor babe!—Oh, Sir! my innocent little one has a better claim to compassion."

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her words. Deeply affected by her distress, I replied, "You are the daughter of misfortune, and shall therefore be my sister—we are all the children of guilt—and if you have erred more than others, you must have suffered more. I offer you

my assistance, and claim your reliance on my offer: I will protect you." "I thank you," she replied, with the emphasis of unfeigned gratitude, "but Heaven must reward you: I will accept your offer, and forget, if possible, that I am among strangers."

We reached Boston without any accident. After procuring my *protege* a room and attendant at one of the Inn's, I went immediately to the house of a widow lady, in whose family I had formerly resided nearly two years, in the quality of a boarder. This lady was a Quaker; and eminently distinguished for that exemplary purity of morals, for which the people of her persuasion are so generally remarked. After a hasty salutation, I surprised her with a concise account of my stage adventure, and concluded with asking her advice and assistance. Now, ladies, you will certainly think that Mrs. Townsend, *bridled up* at my story, and silenced me with a most outrageous bluster, when I begged her to join me in affording protection to the distressed woman. "An old witless cully! could he not be satisfied with being duped himself, without soliciting a lady of character to play the fool too? But let's hear what reception his Mrs. Townsend gave him." With a smile on her feature, which would have beautified the face of an angel, she replied, "Thou art credulous—but thou hast eyes of thy own: thou art whimsical—but thou art benevolent. I thank thee in the name of my sex, for thy kindness to this poor wanderer, and have only to beg thee to bring her immediately here, that I may come in for my share of the pleasure which arises from succouring the afflicted."

I waited not for Mrs. Townsend to repeat her offer, and in a few minutes introduced the suffering stranger to one of her own sex. She hung her head and wept, as Mrs. Townsend took her hand: "Feel at home, my child," said the benevolent woman; "fear no ill natured scrutiny from me:—is it mine to befriend thee, not to awaken thy griefs by premature inquiries. When I have deserved thy confidence, thou mayest, perhaps, trust me without reserve."

(To be continued.)

Human life seems altogether vanity; a transient shadow; the sleep of error; the unavailing labour of imagined existence.

SELECTIONS AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

DARING ENTERPRISE.

DURING the war which Henry the Fourth of France, maintained against the League, when he was king of Navarre, many small towns, and even citadels were surprised by very extraordinary means. Amongst others, the following surprising achievement, for fidelity in the adherents, as well as for the vigour and boldness of the adventure, deserves particularly to be recorded:—

The manner in which *Fescamp* was surprised is so remarkable, that it deserves a particular recital. When the fort was taken from the League by the Duke de Biron, in the garrison that was turned out of it, was a gentleman called Bois Rose, a man of sense and courage, who, making an exact observation of the place he had left, and having concerted his scheme, contrived to get two soldiers, whom he had bound to his interest, to be received into the new garrison, which was put into Fescamp by the League. That side of the fort next the sea is a perpendicular rock, 600 feet high, the bottom of which, for about the height of twelve feet, is continually washed by the sea, except four or five days in the year, during the utmost recess of the sea, when for the space of three or four hours, it leaves fifteen or twenty fathoms of dry sand at the foot of the rock. Bois Rose, finding it impossible, by any other way to surprise a garrison who guarded with great care a place lately taken, did not doubt of accomplishing his design, if he could enter by that side which was thought inaccessible; this he endeavoured by the following contrivance to perform:—

He had agreed upon a signal with the two soldiers whom he had corrupted, and one of them waited continually for it on the top of the rock, where he posted himself during the whole time it was low water. Bois Rose, taking the opportunity of a very dark night, came with fifty resolute men, chosen from among the sailors, in two large boats to the foot of the rock. He had provided himself with a thick cable, equal in length to the height of the rock, and tying knots at equal distances, ran short sticks through, to support them as they climbed. The soldier whom he had gained, having waited

six months for the signal, no sooner perceived it, than he let down a cord from the top of the precipice, to which those below fastened the cable, by which means it was wound up to the top, and made fast to an opening in the battlement, with a strong crow run through an iron staple, made for that purpose. Bois Rose, giving the lead to one of the serjeants, whose courage he was well convinced of, ordered the fifty soldiers to mount the ladder in the same manner, one after another, with their weapons tied round their waists, himself bringing up the rear, to take away all hope of returning, which indeed, soon became impossible, for, before they had ascended half way, the sea rising more than six feet, carried off their boats, and set their cable a floating.

The necessity of withdrawing from a difficult enterprise, is not always a security against fear, when the danger appears inevitable. If the mind represents to itself these fifty men suspended between heaven and earth, in the midst of darkness, trusting their safety to a machine so insecure, that the least want of caution, the treachery of a mercenary soldier, or the slightest fear, might precipitate them into the abyss of the sea, or dash them against the rock; add to this the noise of the waves, the height of the rock, their weariness and exhausted spirits, it will not appear surprising that the boldest amongst them trembled, as in effect he who was foremost did; this serjeant telling the next man he could mount no higher, and that his heart failed him. Bois Rose, to whom this discourse passed from mouth to mouth, and who perceived the truth of it by their advancing no farther, *crept over the bodies of those that were before him*, advising each to keep firm, and and got up to the foremost, whose spirits he at first endeavoured to animate; but, finding that gentleness would not prevail, he obliged him to mount, by pricking him in the back with his poignard, and doubtless, if he had not obeyed him, would have precipitated him into the sea. At length, with incredible labour and fatigue, the whole troop got to the top of the rock; a little before the break of day, and were introduced by the two soldiers into the castle, which they completely surprised, and gained possession of.

Droll Anecdote of Shuter, the Comedian.

This unrivalled comedian, so justly celebrated for his performance of Master

Stephen, in the comedy of "Every Man in his Humour," was engaged for a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It happened that the stage in which he went down, (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself,) was stopped on passing Finchly Common, by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his own money, pretended to be asleep; but Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Shuter to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man. "Money!" returned he, with an ediot shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, "Oh! lord, sir, they never trusts me with money; for nuncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honour!" Upon which the highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket; while Shuter, who did not loose a farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey, laughing heartily at his fellow traveller.

THE REFLECTOR.

REFLECTION is banished from the young, as the rigid tyrant, that would forbid the enjoyment of the pleasures they pant after:—and from the old it is too often expelled, as an enemy to that forgetfulness, which can alone ensure their tranquillity.

It is impossible to express the power a beautiful form has over the mind: that power might be exerted for noble purposes. Purity, speaking from love-inspiring lips, would, like the voice of Adam's heavenly guest, so sweetly breathe upon the ear, as insensibly to influence the heart; the libertine, incorrupted, would, if not utterly hardened, reform; no longer should he glory in his vices, but, touched and abashed, instead of destroying, worship, female virtue.

The greater the coxcomb, always the more the scandal of an intrigue; for a woman who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

Anger helps complexion, it saves paint.

What a wretch is he who survives his hopes! Nothing remains to him, but to sit down and weep, like Alexander, when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

Advertise for a wife as one would for a horse! is it possible that any match ever resulted from such a plan?—Can there be love in those, whom not hearts, but newspapers, bring together?

Lovers, who have a heart for every lady they meet, may be compared to silk-worms, which, as say the books of natural history, have a continued row of hearts, from their heads down to their tails.

From what we see daily of the inconstancy of husbands, may not man and wife be compared to the glow-worm species? The male of these has wings, the female none; so, that he being ever on the wing, the poor lady has little of his company, and trouble enough to keep him faithful.

Those who wish to please, cannot fail. Ill nature is its own tormentor, and mars our best endeavours, while good nature lends a grace to all our actions; if free from errors, renders them truly lovely—if erroneous, for ever excusable.

FENELON.

[Future ages will revere the name of FENELON: Possessing a mind feelingly alive to the distresses of his fellow creatures, he ever was the friend of the oppressed. The following anecdotes we now present our readers, are illustrative of the excellence of his disposition.]

... ONE of his clergy congratulating himself in the presence of this amiable bishop, for having effected the abolition of the custom of the peasants to dance on Sundays and festival days, FENELON replied—Mr. Rector, let us refrain from dancing; but let us permit these poor people to dance; why should we prevent them from forgetting for a moment the extent of their griefs?

The following remark of a literary man on witnessing the destruction of his library by a fire, has been justly praised:—"I should have derived very little advantage from my books, if I had not learned to support their loss."—But FENELON's saying, on a similar occasion, is much more simple and affecting.—"I had much rather," said he, "that they were burned than a poor man's cottage."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

A correspondence has of late appeared in your paper, whose fair conductors seem possessed of distinguished merit. The subject of controversy could not be more interesting. In the perusal of Belinda's letters, I have enjoyed the highest gratification, nor has that of her fair opponent afforded me less pleasure. I could not resist my inclination to join my voice with theirs; to approve, to condemn; to illustrate, to seek instruction; to assent to their opinions, when congenial to my own; or if otherwise, to encounter them with delightful opposition.

Why should admiration alienate the affections of Belinda, or jealousy awaken Eliza's scorn? Admiration is founded on esteem, without which, how can love exist? Jealousy is the result of ardent passion: it is the safeguard of love, and was given to defend its votaries from injustice.

Till the fire of jealousy flamed in the bosom of Alexis, he was not fully sensible of his tender interest in the blameless Daphne. It was absence which said to Alexis, "Amorous shepherd! your love increases for your Daphne;" but was it a Demon that declared to him in human accents,—"Haste, Alexis to your Daphne; on her alone your happiness depends; for her you exist:—an unknown intruder appears; haste, shepherd, and guard your love!"

My hand was once sought by a youth who came a stranger to the dwelling of my father. Five spacious rivers rolled their limped waves between his native land and mine: many forests, hills, valleys, and green meadows, adorned with the varied flowers of spring, fields, waving with the hopes of autumn, caught the delighted eyes, before the distant mountain could be perceived, on whose summit, crowned with ancient oaks, stood his paternal mansion. Why did this stranger seek my affections? His attentions were unceasing; he professed for me the most ardent love: he called me the pride of beauty; he declared me more lovely than the nymphs, who, clothed in the snowy robe of innocence, with their hair enwoven with flowers, assemble in the groves which their shepherds have planted on the margin of their native river.

I one day beheld him at a distance, as I was enjoying the cool umbrage of a grove of cedars, which shaded my paternal dwelling. He advanced towards me, I met him with a smile; for his ardent, yet respectful gaze, had ever betokened the sincerest admiration; his silence had been more expressive than his words: his every movement had displayed the sincerity of his intentions. Pleased with his favourable reception, a gleam of unusual joy overspread his countenance, and he extended his hand as if he wished to receive mine in order that he might press it with ardor to his lips—suddenly his brow was darkened with a haughty frown; he turned wildly from me, and cast a disconsolate look toward the mansion of his father: he retired, in extreme agitation: on his face was strongly portrayed, the conflict of contending passions.

From that period I regarded him with an eye of suspicion. I no longer encouraged his hopes, nor listened to his professions of attachment; but soon after placed my affections on a young and worthy shepherd, whose sincerity I had less reason to call in question.

One morning, in the fruitful season of autumn, as I was setting beside my favorite youth, I beheld my former lover at the foot of a hill. I then observed the effect of jealousy on the young stranger. He hastily ascended the hill as if to collect the fruit which loaded the surrounding shrubbery. He eyed for a moment, with an indignant frown, the delight we enjoyed in each others society; then hastily directed his steps to the mountains which appeared afar off, and I beheld him no more.

Was not jealousy the friend of this impetuous youth? Assisted by indignation, it protected him from despairing love. Was it not jealousy that forbade me to receive him? It whispered me that his heart might not yet have been healed of some former wound, inflicted by love's arrow.

I conclude with expressing the delight I have experienced from the interesting controversy on which I am now intruding; and my regret at having lost the paper in which it was commenced, a second perusal of which would have rendered this communication, in some respects, less exceptionable.

LUCETTA.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

The following, on the pernicious use of Cosmetics, please to give a place in your paper, and oblige your's, S.

COSMETICS.

".....Roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;
Heav'n, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets:
Nectareous essences, Olympian dew!"—*Cowper.*

IN this enlightened age, the visage that Time had tintured with a philomel hue, now assumes the mellow blush of Hebe herself. Circassia sends her bloom to animate the face of beauty; exotic blushes are imported as superior to those suffusions formerly celebrated by our poets; and art, wonder-working art, is the creator of fashionable beauty. Hoary locks and wrinkles, are banished from this metropolis; and washes, which render the ladies "ever fair and ever young," may be obtained for gold. Aided by the miraculous power of lotions and tinctures, new beauties re-animate the face, and we behold the roseate bloom of youth smile, like morning light, on the varnished visage of age.

Those irresistible charms of the modern beauties are chiefly compounded of ingenious and destructive chemical preparations; and how many of the fair sex, who assume artificial beauties, thus fall a sacrifice to their own imprudence!

One of our ethical writers says, that there are "no better cosmetics, than a severe temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper, and calmness of spirit; no true beauty without the signatures of these graces in the very countenance." Such puritanical precepts might have been esteemed in the days of yore, but what woman of spirit would now submit to such philosophic self-denial? Severe temperance, modesty, and humility, indeed! No, no; our modish fair ones are too *knowing* to venetrate the slavish restrictions of morality.

* An English lady, much famed for her extraordinary beauty, fell a victim to these cosmetics, being only thirty-three years old: she was found dead in her bed. Her husband was so enamoured of her charms, that he tried various whimsical experiments to improve them. Among other chemical absurdities, he prevailed on her to eat the flesh of vipers; and was continually inventing some new cosmetic to heighten her complexion.

CUSTOMERS OF A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

"FIVE changes a day!" said the bookseller, describing his customers with quaint humour and shrewd brevity;—"say, and come for the sixth at night. I say, read a book to the end, indeed! They begin with the end, return to the title, skip preface, jump to middle, dash again to end, and away for another volume! As to my folio and quarto gentry, Master Dugdale, Domine Chillingworth, Gaffet Clarendon, and such like old grecians, they don't come home for half a year; great bodies move slow."—"In the name of nonsense," says one customer, "why do you send me such trumpery as this! Buffon's History, Harris's Hermes, Hume's Sketches, British Zoology! here, bring them in, if you can, Thomas; they have almost broke down my coach."..... "Really, Sir," exclaims another customer, sailing stately into the shop, two lazy livery-men behind, all be-book'd—"Really Sir, it is insulting; your people will be troubling me with these contemptible things; *Children of Nature, Filial Piety, Misfortunes of Love!*" (all this time her servants were unloading.)—"How often must I tell you, there never were more than three or four of these things written since the beginning of the world, worth a rational woman's reading, and they are now as old as the poles; and, if you will persist in vexing my nature with such trumpery, I positively must take my name out of your books. You know I study only metaphysics—let me have Priestly on Necessity, Mandeville's Fable of the Bees; and you may throw in some nonsense for the servants."—Then fluttered out of their carriage, a bevy of young things.—"These," said the bookseller, "only read a volume or two in a week: toilette students, who just run over a letter or chapter at hair-dressing time: my books come home so powdered, so pomatumed, so perfumed, my old dons and ladies declare they are worse than the strong waters, snuff blots, and brandy stains of my metaphysicians. Oh! but I must not forget to mention my *whisperers*, most of whom send confidentials; or such as venture themselves, hem, cough, blush, stammer, and so forth—have I got this? could I get that? for, for, for—"a friend in the country!" Others desire me to make a parcel two-penny post list—ready money—own price—no questions asked—to be called for—cash in hand—and all in the way of *snug*. Thus I dispose of my good things—sometimes tuck-

ed between muslins, cambrics, silks, satins, or rolled in a bundle, then thrown into a coach by some of my fair smugglers; the old ones, meanwhile, mams and dals, never the wiser.—Last enter, what I call my *customers*—lasses, young and old, who run over a novel of three, four, or five volumes, faster than book-men can put them into boards: three setts a day; morning volume, noon volume, and night volume. Pretty caterpillars, as I call them, because they devour my leaves. Devilish troublesome, though; but write as much as they read; corresponding misses, and so make it up to me in stationary. As to the rational readers and writers, there must be a sprinkling of your high prizes; but they don't go much out. I keep most of my wise ones to myself; such as Master Gibbon, Domine Robertson, Old Verulam, and bold Sir Isaac.

• Books now, like coxcombs, have all their worth in their dress. They are printed and embellished with all the splendour of literary foppery. If you hear any one praising a new publication, now-a-days, and ask him in what its merits consist, he will describe them thus: "Sir, it is printed on the best wire-move paper, (soft as a glove,) the type beautiful, bound in morocco, and, in a word, as elegant and *tasty* a thing, as ever was seen."

ANECDOTE OF GEN. WOLFE.

WHEN that celebrated general (at the period of the victory gained by the king's troops at Culloden, he being a lieutenant-colonel in the army) was riding over the field of battle with the Duke of Cumberland, they observed a Highlander, who, although severely wounded, was yet able to sit up, and, leaning on his arm, seemed to smile defiance on them. "Wolfe, said the duke, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who thus dares to look on us with such contempt and insolence?"—"My commission," replied the manly officer, "is at your royal highness's disposal; but I never can consent to become an executioner."—The Highlander, it is probable, was soon knocked on the head, by some ruffian less scrupulous than the future conqueror of Quebec: but it was remarked, by those who heard the story, that Colonel Wolfe, from that day, visibly declined in the favour and confidence of the commander in chief.

HOTCH POTCH.

Upon Dr. Johnson's return from his tour in Scotland, a lady, at whose house

he called, had got ready, what is there called, a *Hotch Potch*, for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she took an opportunity of asking him if it was good? "Very good, for hogs," answered the doctor. "Then pray," replied the lady, "let me help you to a little more."

THE SAILOR PITTING THE WIDOW.

"It is a d—'d shame," (exclaimed an old sea-officer, at the sight of a young and charming widow,) "that a ship, fit for the admiral, should be obliged to lie up for want of men to work her."—Then, added he, with Gratiano, though, perhaps he knew no more of Shakespear, than he did of the Talmud, or the Koran,

"I have a wife,

"I would she were in heaven!"

AUTHOR OF THE RAMBLER.

A French gentleman, who dined in London in company with the celebrated author of the *Rambler*, wishing to show him a mark of peculiar respect, drank Dr. Johnson's health in these words:—"Your health, Mr. *Vagabond*."

• Those who know nothing of French, are informed, that *vagabond*, in that language, answers to *rambler* in our's.

TRADESMEN.

IN those of London, there is such a spirit of gambling, that taylor's will make you up a dozen suits of clothes, upholsterers furnish your houses, butchers send you meat, and coal-merchants coal, with a very remote chance of being paid, rather than lose the opportunity of doing business.

MODERN MIRRORS.

A certain lady, very fond of her reminiscences, and a censor of all present fashions, arts, &c. looking into her glass the other day, beheld sundry wrinkles, freckles, &c. "Now here is my new glass," said her ladyship, "not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors as well as they used to do."

TRUTH.—A person was boasting that he had never spoken the truth. "Then," added another, "you have now done it for the first time."

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

ANAGRAM.

If one hundred and six, you do rightly transpose,
And annex 't' it a vowel, they'll shortly disclose
The name of a monster that's far too well known
Throughout this corrupted, and populous town.

X. Y. Z.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

The following extract from an English paper of the 20th of Feb. last, is submitted to you for insertion in your interesting miscellany.—A compliance, will oblige a number of

LADIES.

WHEN the Emperor Napoleon, on his march to Germany, passed a few days at our court, the nuptials of Paul, the second son of the king of Wirtemberg, with the Princess of Hildburghausen, had just been solemnized. The Emperor told the new-married Princess, that he should make her a little present on the occasion, but should leave the choice of it to the Empress. This present, a short time ago, arrived at this place, and a description of it cannot fail to prove interesting to the female reader. The envelope, in which it was packed up, is of green velvet, with festoons of pure gold; it is in the form of a long antique vase; the knot of the cover is a gold ball, transfix with the arrow of Cupid, and the ball itself, is encircled with a wreath of roses. The contents of this beautiful vase, consisted of the following articles;—

1. A chemise of English point, ornamented with a simple, but tasteful border: the train is of a considerable length.

2. Another chemise of the same kind, of black point, with a border of the pattern called wolf's teeth.

3. A chemise, cut round of white satin, with a border of bouquets, exquisitely embroidered in gold; above it, a tunic of silver tulle, with gold fringe.

4. A white crape dress, very elegantly embroidered with white silk.

5. A second dress of white crape, bordered with bouquet's of tulle, and a Mameluke mantle of rose-coloured satin,

with the same kind of border, and besides embroidered with steel.

6. A morning chemise of East India muslin, embroidered with hortensia flowers.

7. A vest of English point, with a border in the form of wolf's teeth.

8. A round veil of tulle and vermicelle, worked with gold, and with a broad gold lace.

9. A piece of East-India muslin, embroidered with silver.

This velvet vase was accompanied with two boxes, one of which contained three turbans, embroidered with silver, steel, and gold; and decorated with heron's feathers, and aigrettes, and three caps, embellished with flowers. The second box contained artificial flowers of every kind, as beautiful in shape and colour, as nature itself.—There was likewise a net garland of uncommonly pleasing shape and appearance. The value of the whole is estimated, by connoisseurs, at about 70,000 guilders.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1806.

RICHMOND, JUNE 14.

We learn that an engagement has been made by the manager of the Richmond Theatre, with Mr. Cooper, the celebrated tragedian, to perform here six nights only, in the summer season. We could have wished it had been at another season of the year; but understanding that Mr. Cooper's arrangements for the next twelve months, leave him but six weeks unemployed, we feel gratified that he has been secured to us for any part of that time. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, of the New-York theatre, we learn, are likewise engaged, which, with some other new performers, will give strength to our Virginia corps, much desired.

The sale of the late marquis of Lansdown's collection of paintings, took place in London, in March last. They brought upwards of nine thousand pounds. A portrait of Washington, by Stewart, was sold for 515 guineas.

Eclipse at Philadelphia.—Every man, woman, and child, (says Relf's Gazette of Monday evening) were this morning converted into Astronomers.—The telescopes through which they made their observations on the celestial bodies, were of smoked glass, thereby protecting the eye from the pernicious effect of the sun's glare. The spectacle was beautifully sublime: and in the contemplative mind, awakened sentiments of reverence and admiration for the Supreme Architect of the world. The darkness produced at the moment of the Sun's greatest obscuration, was not greater than that usually produced by summer and autumnal storms. The air experienced a sensible transition. The thermometer fell from four to five degrees, during the progress and fulness of the eclipse.

Eclipse of the Sun.—Yesterday (says the Boston Palladium of Tuesday last) there was a total eclipse of the Sun, as was predicted by our astronomers. The sky was without a cloud, and many stars were visible; but the rays of the sun shot beyond the circle of the moon, and any thing could be seen in the streets, as well as in the brightest moonlight night.

Eclipse at Newburgh. The singular phenomena observed on the total eclipse of the sun, which occurred on Monday, has probably been remarked by thousands. The face of nature changing from shade to shade until the sun became completely obscured. The darkness then, for about three minutes, was equal to that of deep twilight the stars were seen in various parts of the horizon, the planet Venus shining with a brilliant lustre; fowls ascended their roosts, the cocks crowed as at the break of day, birds hovered among the bushes, and bats were observed flitting along the air. A sudden chillness pervaded the atmosphere, and night, at mid day, seemed to envelope the earth, until the 'glorious luminary,' bursting from its confinement, instantly dissipated the gloom, and gradually restored the day. Just before, and after the total obscurity, innumerable vapoury shadows, of various forms, were seen, in tremulous motion, on the surface of the earth, resembling the undulation of the ocean.

Newburgh paper.

Deaths in this city during the last week, of the following diseases, viz. Consumption 4, convulsions 4, decay 4, drowned 3, small pox 3, cold 2, dropsy 2, bites 2, in-

inflammation of the lungs 2, inflammation of the brain 2; dysentary, epilepsy, gout, inflammation of the stomach, inflammation of the bowels, insanity, old age, rheumatism, still born, sudden death, syphilis, teething, and whooping cough, of each one. Adults 22, children 19.—Total 41.

Correspondence, &c.

"A. L." is informed that we cannot publish the Acrostic he sent us. The diction is by no means elegant; nor are the sentiments congenial with the purity of man's noblest passion.

We received a request to insert an "Enigma," we cannot comply therewith, till we receive its solution.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring,"
"Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels;"

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, Mr. Thomas Ward, to Miss Mary Enniss, both of this city.

At Schenectady the 15th inst. by the rev. Mr. Stebens, James M'Vicar, Esq. of this city, to Miss Constable, daughter of the late Wm. Constable, Esq.

On Thursday last, by the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. John Williams, to the accomplished Miss Ann Taylor.

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr. Grigsby, Mr. Reuben Coffin, to Miss Polly Butt, both of this place.

'Tis strange, my dear Polly, said Jenny, half scoffing,

It is strange, that Miss Butt,
Should wish to be put
In the very same bed with her Cuffs.

Baltimore Paper.

At Philadelphia, Edward Tilghman, jun. to Miss Rebecca Wahn.

At Baskenridge, (N. J.) Thomas Gould, to Miss Betsey Ayres. At Mendham, Halsey Guerin, to Miss Nancy Stevens.

In England, (by licence) Mary Harris, 55 years of age, to a young man by the name of Jones, about 21—this making her sixth husband.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 98 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter. Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.



JOHN JONES,
UMBRELLA AND PARASOL
MAKER,
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand. of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.
N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.
Nov. 23. tf.

E. RILEY,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS PUPILS,

That he has removed his
MUSIC ROOMS,

To No. 13 Broad Street, and his dwelling
to Harrison Street, two doors from
Greenwich Street near the north
river.

The GERMAN FLUTE,

FLAGEOLETT, GUITAR, & PIANO
FORTE; taught on the most approved
principles.

4c

May 31

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 17, Nassau to No. 29 Partition street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where he had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthy red appearance. Scurvy teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, and impart a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with GAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Wajit's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT
OF

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. S M I T H,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the
ROSE; No. 114, opposite the
City Hotel, Broadway.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Ant-que Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming-out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine White Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable; 3s. and 4s. per pot.

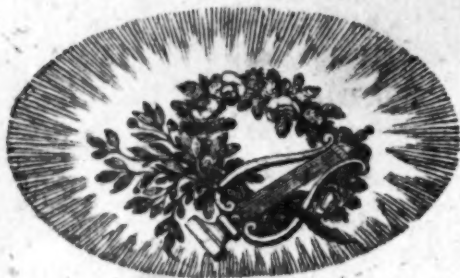
Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

May 22, 1806.



THE COQUET.

Leila, with too successful art,
Has spread for me the cruel snare,
And now, when she has caught my heart,
She laughs and leaves it to despair.

Thus the poor sparrow pants for breath,
Held captive by a playful boy,
And while it drinks the draught of death,
The thoughtless child looks on with joy.

Ah! were its fluttering pinions free
Soon would it bid its chains adieu:
Or, did the child its sufferings see
He'd pity and relieve them too.

TO MARY.

And can you, Mary, then forego
The richest of mankind,
For one whose only wealth below
Is center'd in his mind?

And shall thy faithful bosom yearn
With friendship but for me?
And shall my mutual fondness turn
From every wish but thee?

Then must the bond that gives it birth
Our union constant prove;
Ourselves must be our only earth,
Our only wishes love!

TO ELIZA.

Dear girl, whilst thus I bend the knee,
A beggar I must prove;
Nor whilst I claim the boon from thee,
Return thee love for love!

For tho' I supplicate thy heart,
I cannot offer mine;
The gift is not mine own to impart,
It is already thine!

VARIETY.

Extract from the Lay Preacher.

"Little children keep yourselves from idols."

A number of pretty women of my acquaintance have and will, in spite of my admonitions set up a certain smoothed faced idol on the top of their toilets. They call it a looking glass, and worship it hourly. This is a most pernicious idol; a great cheat of their time, and an artful flatterer of their beauty. They straightway retire and forget what manner of persons they should prove. They forget the blandishments of the fond husband, and are deaf to the pathetic wailings of the neglected child. They become impatient of every domestic duty, and are careful alone with much care to be decked in purple, and perfumed with all *powders of the merchants*. Little Misses! listen to a friend. Break your idol. It is brittle enough, I assure you. Read instructive books; and sometimes, on a Sunday, sermons: much better ones I mean than those of the Lay Preacher.

Use of Philosophy.

Dyonisius, the younger, being banished from his throne at Syracuse, was asked by a Greek, what use the philosophy of Plato was to him? He answered, "It has taught me to look on my change of fortune without surprize, and to bear it without complaint."

Bon Mot.

Some philosophers were disputing very learnedly and dully on the antiquity of the world. A man of wit, tired of their long discussion, said, "Gentlemen, I believe the world acts like some old ladies, and does not chuse to have her age discovered."

The Finish.

A thief stole the turban of a Dervise, and ran toward a neighboring orchard.—The Dervise sat down in the church yard, and was asked the reason of this absurd conduct. "He must come here at last," replied the Dervise.

A Sublime Reply of a Hermit.

A Hermit, whose cottage stood solitary and alone on the top of a mountain, was

asked, how he could endure a life of such total seclusion, being more than a mile from any inhabitant. The old man replied, with a solemn tranquility of countenance, "Providence is my next-door neighbour."

Epigrams.

"Frailty, thy name is woman." Shak.

If Frailty's name be woman's self,
A name which nature gave:
Sure man must be the weaker elf,
Still to be Frailty's slave!

Nature assigns to every part a stage,
Love for our youth, ambition for our age;
But wretched Man perverting her decrees
When young would govern, and when old, would please.

A Pretty Metaphor.

A young lady marrying the man she loved, and leaving many friends in town, to retire with him into the country, Mrs. D. said prettily, 'she had changed eight and thirty shillings into a guinea.'

LORD ROSS.

The reprobate lord Ross, being on his death-bed, was desired by his chaplain to call on heaven to forgive his many sins. He replied, "I will, if I go that way, but I don't believe I shall."

Brutal Affection.

The attachment of some French ladies to their lap-dogs, amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. I have heard of a lap-dog biting a peice out of a male visitor's leg: his mistress thus expressed her *compassion*: "Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him sick!!"

Want of Fortitude.

Cesar Carporali, an Italian poet, who was very poor, and did not bear his misfortunes like a philosopher, was often heard to say, "That if, by chance, he had been a hatter, men would have been born without heads!"

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